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For the Saturday Evening Post.

A MONODY.

BY J. D. LEYARDE.

Far yonder calm and holy world sublime,
Beyond the starry sky, and still behold
Thumorsolid group bewail the ills of Time,
Where lay thy silent relics pale and cold!
Another lost wanderer in the widow'd dove,
When bosomed indolence chills her delicate frame,
All cares of living sleepiness and love,
Thy mere thy mortal mould around us came;
Now the sad spirit, whence that smile arose,
Pass, fly beyond the bounds of mortal woes!

Ah! gone this deep, this sacred sorrow shake!
Be all no dear remembrances my own:
For me she trode the icy paths of care,
Amidst the storm and tempest of mad prey'd alone.
She filled my hatchet with the bread of toil,
And sent me smiling to the stedeous shade;
Yes; when sopping flared the midnight oil,
When sleep his drowsy mantle o'er me laid,
My filling book aroused me still to hear
Her mother's lighted voice murmuring — my ear.

Oh had she lived! till, all our sorrows past,
My grateful care from want and we could save.
Dear, cherished hope! in silence doomed at last,
To weep denied the last weakness of the brave!
Ye, whose voluptuous parents have reclin'd
On Tyrian beds, no mother's love ye know.
Yours for yet more than gold, the gift of life secured!
Mine swept the thorns that throng'd my path below!

To mental nurses yours consigned her child;
Mine clasped me to her own sweet breast and smil'd.

When dead I, Mother, rests the humble dust,
Where thou art laid, that last wretched cry mourn;
Ran to refresh me from thy frugal store,
And learn'd my simple narrative to learn.
Ah! still must I by weary steps of life ascend;
Whose smoldering structure we repaired in vain;
For such proud lord forbids our long delay;
So pass proud lord change to more
Hope mounts the stare, and waves with seraph eye,
The elongation mansion glittering round the sky.

Rockingham, Va.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE GAMESTER.

Reader! have you ever been within the precincts of a gambling house? If not let me most appropriately stylod? Have you ever viewed its votaries? If not let me accompany you in thereto, of the fatal temptation. It lures you onward with delusive hopes of gain, only to sink you into the depths of misery and degradation. If successful you may be, fortune will not always favor her votaries, and then woe to you. Not all your ill-gotten gains: think not you will stop when you have got enough. This is the fatal whirlpool, and those who are once drawn within its vortex, but seldom escape.

Hark! you hear the call the Gamester at play: the unnatural lustre of his eye, and his whole countenance, is fruitful of the deep interest of passions within: the fiend-like glance of despair, when unsuccessful; the fiendish smile of triumph, when success has been his portion. Of all passions this is the most destructive to the peace of mind, as you value your peace, happiness, and eternal welfare, beware of an approach to the gaming table.

Let us spend a few moments in viewing the several effects of this passion. Charles L——— was an old school-fellow, and intimate friend, highly esteemed by nature; of an open and intelligent countenance, and a generous, noble disposition. His father, a merchant of high standing in the city of ———, was married to an accomplished young lady, possessed of a handsome fortune, and blessed with peace and an enviable separated competence.

During the succeeding two years of his practice, every thing went on prosperously. His business was fast increasing, and his talents were duly appreciated by the public. Two or three years had passed when he was first made to feel the effects of his passion. Business began to fall off rapidly, and so lowering cloud obscured the horizon of his prosperity, that he could not see through it, nor all the calculations of man! He was one evening, persuaded by some of his acquaintances, to make up a game of cards, and from that time to that table commenced his downward career. From that time he was a gambler, and he fell a prey to a confirmed Gamester.

A short time after this, each succeeding night found him on the billiard-room, or at the cardtable; amid the unholy revelry, and midnight orgies of those dens of iniquity. A spell seemed to be upon his faculties—a fascination which seemed to partially kill his energies of mind and constitution, and to deaden him to the kind and urgent solicitations of his friends, and the claims of his affectionate wife. He seemed impatient of all enjoyments and pleasures of domestic life, and was rather disturbed to save him from destruction, that he was master of his own business, and should be left to the free exercise of his own judgment.

Often has his wife sat up until dawn, awaiting the return of her husband: and when he did return, it was with a reproach for her watch, and a frown on her, because of his ill success. But things could not long go on in this way: his business being neglected, it soon went to ruin, and he had not a single client left: his property had almost all been squandered away at the gambling table: and unless he again applied himself, ruin stared him in the face.

By the promises and entreaties of his friends, he was prevailed upon to resume the duties of his profession; he had determined to devote himself to his former habits of industry and attention, but long habits of dissipation, and breaking through the influence of his friends, he was again set upon his feet, and although he was poor, he obliged to endure many privations, to which also had not been accustomed, and which were severe upon the plaint, but hailed the change with delight. Alas! it was of short duration.

As the eye of the serpent is said to fascinate the gazer, or the voice of the siren to have charmed the ear, so Charles L——— was fascinated with Charles L———. He was enticed by some of his former associates to visit his old haunts, and was asked to play, he refused: they persuaded him, and he suffered himself to be led on as a lamb to the slaughter.

Again were the same scenes repeated: again was he frequently absent from his family, and in the morning light: and again was he stripped of his all, by the harpies who fleeced him. Thus for nearly the same, in all cases, to trace the downward steps in crime, of those who once turn aside from the path of virtue, and delusively think they can do it, and be safe. Alas! how many have tried, and to their own sorrow, found themselves deceived!

The consummation of his crimes was at hand. He was deprived of the means of support of every thing, he had been enabled to collect together: his unexpected final play and determined to test it. His credit was exhausted, and he could not obtain even a few shillings, but he recollected a valuable diamond ring, which his wife wore, the gift of her departed mother. He returned home, the fury of a demon was upon his countenance: his wife trembled for her safety, fearing he had committed some atrocious violence. He demanded the ring of her—she trembling delivered it to him for the sake of Heaven, to take all else she possessed, but to leave her that ring, as it was the last gift of her dear mother. He was deaf to all entreaty. Bursting from her hold, the fiend struck his unoffending wife, tore the ring from her finger, and left her lying senseless on the floor.

The jewel was soon pawned, and L——— again entered the hall, in the hope of retrieving his ruined fortune. He staked his all, and lost: but discovered a little trick: he rose from the table, and caught the villain by the throat, charging him with the cheat. The black-leg struck him with the butt end of his pistol. L——— grasped a knife, which lay on the bar, plunged it in the breast of the villain, and fled the house.

This was the consummation of his career of crime: to close the long catalogue, he had indeed murder!

Mrs. L——, upon recovering from the effects of his cruelty, sat anxiously and alone, awaiting the return of her husband: her babe was sleeping innocently beside her; she was weak and unfurnished by the long course of ill-treatment she had experienced: and weary with long watching, she sat by the window of their miserable apartment. The night was cold and dark: midnight, succeeding to close happy days, when she had loved and cherished her: when she was the idol of his soul, and all seemed to give bright earnest of the future: then scenes of later date crowd before her: the downfall of her husband of his bright prospects, thus blighted and destroyed: the change in his temper and love: and as all these recollections forced themselves upon her, nature could withstand no longer, and she wept bitterly.

The clock had struck two, and no sound was heard, save the solitary tread of the guardian of the night, in his lonely rounds. L——— came not: distressing thoughts crowded upon her mind, with a thousand vague apprehensions for his safety. It was midnight, but still he came not. L——— immediately after leaving the hall, wandered about the streets, he knew not whither—He dreaded returning to his home, knowing that would be first searched. He had wandered to the river—a boat was coming near him, and the voices by wiscide: but his crimes rose up in fearful array before him, and he was afraid to rush into the presence of his offended Maker, with the stain of blood upon his soul. His bewildered gaze way, and he sat down and wept aloud.

Who can picture the agony of his fond wife, when the officers of justice came to apprehend her husband—when she was told that her dearly beloved husband was charged by his own wife murderer and a fugitive from justice.

L——— soon taken, and thrown into a close, damp cell, from whence even the light of Heaven was excluded. From the moment of his apprehension, he was secluded, not even his wife always at his side. Her own anguish and wrongs seemingly forgotten, in sympathy for her husband. He was touched by her untiring assiduity for his welfare. Night and day was she by him, ministering to his comforts, to calm their tumultuous throbbings, or soothe his long and bitter bosom, endeavoring to soothe his mind, when his tortured conscience would not let him sleep. Often, and bitterly, would he lament to her his uncandy treatment, and implore her forgiveness, and as often would she assure him that she did forgiven and forgotten.

The day of trial approached. All the talent, that the wealth of L——'s friends could procure, was engaged. On the day of trial he was led into the court-room, which he had so often entered before, but under far different circumstances. His wife accompanied him; all efforts to dissuade her had been in vain. His counsel had still that talent, and eloquence, which was for him, but it was of no avail. The crime was fully proved against him. The Judge delivered an impressive charge to the jury, stating to them, the clearness and satisfactory nature of the evidence against the prisoner: that they must let any feelings of sympathy, for the peculiar situation of the prisoner and his wife, enter into as all these recollections forced themselves upon her, nature could withstand no longer, and she wept bitterly.

The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree. The prisoner's eye quailed not, nor did his cheek blanch, but he sat as if transformed to stone. After the pronouncement of the verdict, one piercing shriek rang through the hall—it was from Mrs. L———, she was carried fainting from the room.

When sentence of death was pronounced, L———, who had hitherto, manfully withstood his feelings, could no longer restrain them: he burst into tears, and was led back to his cell.

Mrs. L———, upon hearing her husband's condemnation, was attacked with a fit of illness, which threatened to deprive her of life. I visited L——— frequently in his cell. He was very particular in his inquiries after his wife, and he seemed as if his heart would break, when he was informed of her condition, and reflected that he was the cause of all. He often asked if she would ever consent to see him: he shed a sheer him, and assure him of forgiveness, but it was needless, he had been forgiven all.

Sometimes he would shrink from the view of that eternity, upon which he was soon to enter. To die thus, "in the meridian of life," is hard, very hard: but I deserve it all." One night he gained my promise to visit him on the morrow. "*That* soul shall not shrink its curses at me in eternity." He once proposed to me to furnish him with the means of committing suicide, alleging to its justification, that if he died by his own hand, he should have the right of ending it. "What" said I, "would you add *self murder* to your already long catalogue of crimes, and rush madly into the presence of your Maker, with this additional sin upon your soul." I never mentioned the subject again.

It was truly a sad lesson. That couple, who but three short years ago, were the admiration of the circle in which they moved, who seemed to want for nothing which this world can bestow: and yet within three years one lay confined in a close, damp, cell, under sentence of death: the victim of cruelty; the other lay a bed of sickness, and their infant in the care of strangers—and all this misery was caused by gaming.

Business called me away from the city for a few days, but I had procured the post L——— during my absence, which gave him to interest the much sympathizing Mrs. L———, and to arrange such situations. L——— soon grew more calm and composed, and expressed himself truly penitent of his crimes.

I did not return to the city until the night prior to the day appointed for the execution, and went immediately to the prison. I found L——— in his dungeon: large was assembled upon his rude table, which shed but a dim and wavering light, and he pallet of straw remained undisturbed. He raised his eyes when I entered, and even smiled as he welcomed me. I could hardly realize that that pale, wan, and ghastly form before me, was once the gay, intellectual, and manly L———. He conversed calmly, and gave some directions, with a few relics for his wife. "Should my son attain maturity," said he, "never cease to warn him of his father's awful fate—this time to-morrow I shall be in eternity, and I would rather that fate awhile." I accordingly bade him an affectionate farewell, never more to meet this side of the grave.

In the morning he was led to execution, and suffered the penalty of the law. Let us hope, by his penitence, his soul found mercy in the sight of his Creator.

But let me hasten and close the melancholy tale. Mrs. L——— was restored to health with the aid of a good constitution, recovered, in some degree, her health, but was greatly changed: every under the weight of her accumulated sorrow, and died of a broken heart.

Reader! this is a true picture of the fatal effects of the indulgence of this vice.—Many a father's heart, and mother's too, have suffered for crimes, caused by his connection with *hells*. Charles L——— had the talent, the man, who has set out on life with the fairest prospects, and had them all blighted and destroyed by his destructive passion.

Take warning, and flee the gaming house, and its associates, as you would the fiend himself, if not more fatally sure poison, of the Upas tree.

W.

Philadelphia, August 30, 1838.

ROUEN,

A city of France, formerly capital of the province of Normandy, at present of the department of the Lower Seine, on the right bank of the river Seine, 80 miles northwest of Paris, forty-five south-east of Havre. The population, by the official returns, amounted in 1831 to 90,000: it is now estimated to exceed 100,000. Rouen is a place of great antiquity, and was formerly a place of great commercial importance. The cathedral, the Palais de justice, and the theatre. In the latter, in 1431, was burnt here by the English.

The Seine is crossed by a bridge of boats, which is paved, and rises and falls with the tide, and a new stone bridge, recently erected. The city is not prettily built, the streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty, and the houses gloomy of wood. The quays along the river are very handsome. The principal public edifices are the great cathedral, the church of the ancient abbey of St. Ouen, remarkable for its lofty tower, the Palais de justice, and the theatre. In the latter, in 1431, was burnt here by the English. The Seine is crossed by a bridge of boats, which is paved, and rises and falls with the tide, and a new stone bridge, recently erected. The city is not prettily built, the streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty, and the houses gloomy of wood. The quays along the river are very handsome. The principal public edifices are the great cathedral, the church of the ancient abbey of St. Ouen, remarkable for its lofty tower, the Palais de justice, and the theatre. In the latter, in 1431, was burnt here by the English, of Orleans, who was burnt here by the English.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

HOPE.

Had sacred Hope, thou friend of human kind
And fruitful source of every cheering blessing—
Who given's to each to control the roaring mind,
And from thrice the bosom Misery's sting possessing—
When dire disease the mortal frame invades
And almost us burning poison through the heart
Makest Grief to cease, and Pain to be at rest,
And *Friendship's* tears forbode we soon must part—
When ruthless death the fated arrows send
And life's exparing flame wane, trembling gleams
Doth death's cold mandate to the mind convey?
E'er morning sun displays his golden beam!
When chilling poverty the soul enchains
And want deny sustaining employment
When pinching hunger's gnawing pangs torment
And Pity's deaf to all the cries of grief,
When close immur'd within the dungeon's walls,
Sad long'ing visions of a tyrant's power,
Or those unfortunate, who fall victims to the law
And night's black glooms pervade each cheering hour.

In all these various complexioned ills
That rend us here, in body, or in mind
Bless *Hope* how sweet her powerful balm outfils,
That ev'ry sinking soul support may find.

ATHANOR.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

CHARLES LAMB.

If any age of English Literature could with propriety be called the age of Lamb, it is the one that has just passed: for with all its multiplicity of writers, it has produced none who have left behind them more sterling and original matter, which give to any age its character. Philosophers, poets, and historians have their admirers, but their respective ranks, and possessed a glorious plenum in defence of truth, and purity of thought and language. Some of Dugald Stewart's lectures, those of Byron and the Lakers, and Sir Walter Scott, have given to English literature a character of which no future generation can deprive it. Many themes, as the Quaker Meeting, Oxford in the Vacation, and Valentine's Day, were the subjects which, though could not strictly be called original, were treated in a freshness and newness—what touches of fine sensibility and tenderness of feeling mark them all. As a humorist, Shaker always leaves the reader cheerful lover, and the shades of old friends at Oxford, and Christ's Hospital. Among those who contended for fame, nor for money, but because he found it his heart to write, and let others *for* the thoughts which they might, or might not read. Of this whole existence. In the character of a poet, simply reviewed. Lamb's claim to the name is doubtful: he never wrote in the style or poetry in other still and affected, while the garb of a departed age, does not of an age of which he is not a part. Many of that which is on reality poetry, only wanting the accomplishment of verses, you will find all to admire in the writings of Lamb, for he has described and placed at useless, and so modest, that you almost pass over the present day by as unworthy of his simplicity of the past. This throws a charm around his productions, and the disposition of one, reasoned, that infuses into it, that love of dwelling upon things which are gone, which so peculiarly distinguishes the last of their writers. Lamb in a world of his own, and wherever he treaded the materials for society, he either gathered them from a remembrance of days of fellow which he had seen or created them from the originality of his own genius.

It is in his Essays of Elia, that we see the mind of Lamb, to its best advantage. Phil-Elia, liest be by unlessed, yet practical sense, for affording us so many hours of delightful pleasure! For the benefit of those who have not had the privilege of reading these inimitable essays, I must say, that they are not the dull and pressing articles which are commonly dignified with that title, but something of a loftier and a lovelier nature ;—possessing the very soul of wit, pathos and sentiment; which will bring pleasure out of tears as well as mirth, and leave you in a state of perfect good humor with yourself, and all around you. They are the writings of an aristocrat in literature. There you may find, and that without any very deep research, all the conveniences of living lung, pourtrayed in most exquisite style, you would really think it a misfortune in the world to be poor, and that there is which are to my mind perfectly unrivalled—they are the essays of a man, which proclaim that he has experienced the sad reality,—and yet, I can free Charles Lamb from all imputations of ever having had a bitter feeling against any one. He could wield a pillory, with a shower of bricks and eggs of a Hogarth, and yet, with a pen, he would boast thanks, for thy never to be surpassed dissertation on roast pig—its origin and qualities. My very mouth waters, when I read it. The subject is displayed, and the grateful flavor that rises up to greet the nose, and the eye, are all so natural, that you seemingly was not his forte. The pathetic and the sentimental he delighted in, of which kind are the essays of Elia, entitled "Dream Children" and "Two Races of Men." In the latter he shows how all the world may be divided into two great races or three great races, which possess the world, and the former constitute by far the majority. He says, he has observed a class of men, who go about around upon his well assorted library—he sees one folks that has but its companion, and another its mate, and he says, that he can tell by their looks, known treasure, finds in its mind an empty nothing. He says, he cannot converse with them, for they love is not on books like his, sympathize with him. But in the midst of his despondency, he begin well up with a resolution to make one more effort, of paying a tribute to an old and well tried friend—he says, but reader, if thou feel books to lend, open not the cover of this work, for it is not by S. T. C." innumerable are the descriptions of characters which he has given us, but I think that such a notation in their Quaker garb, that you are certain the thoughts can be of no common order. Lamb is a writer who will live, for he is entitled to call a great genius—he had not that power of mind which produces a Milton, or a Shakspeare, or a Bacon, or a Newton, but he had that power which is in less rare, of rendering whatever he wrote, so interesting, as to the story in every body's mouth, seems like the new publication of the day. Such themes, as a

where else in the Old World, we in no respect by inquiry into the modes of communication are so thoroughly settled, and we understand, observe, and almost anticipate as well as well and sharply, and to continually wish, that a great deal more business, commercial, moral interest is each other's affairs, as a matter of intelligence, with frequency, and familiarity of the manner in which we do "foreigners" by retail. We get some of the "foreigners" by retail and are prepared for receiving it in "quantity" besides. There are no "*articles of fate*," as our American passenger calls them, in the "small number of one." Mr. Freeman Cornelius is with us. Our electricity comes on gently, by points; therein, is absorbed by the earth and a tile of American papers published during any part of the French revolution, or of that period by the Atlantic steamboats will enormously modify this state of things, may submit of some debate. Should it be carried very much further than we at present witness or anticipate, the result is clear enough. *We are becoming used to one another.* We remember certain amusing instants of Dr. Lardner's on this head. "Suppose," he says, "a man took on the steam engine."

Already directs her finger at sources of unexhaustible power in the phenomena of *electricity*, and *magnetism*, and many causes combine to justify the expectation that we are on the eve of a *mechanical discoveries still greater than any which have yet appeared*; and that the steam engine itself, with the gigantic powers conferred upon it by the immortal Watt, will dwindle into insignificance *in comparison with the hitherto powers of nature still to be revealed*; and that the day will come when that engine, which is now extending the blessings of civilization to the most remote skirts of the globe, will cease to have existence except in the page of history."

This is looking far ahead, especially for a man who has dashed off this notoriety the practicability of wind was accomplished twenty years since in a skiff shed:—the passage of the Atlantic by steam. But great men have made great mistakes before this; and we are not sure but the learned Doctor may be in this passage making amends for those caught napping, answering at the same time, as in the paragraph just quoted, how wide awake he can be when occasion requires. We shall not engage on one tack as much as he was drilled behind in the other. All events, these are contrarious predictions may be fulfilled. Let us disbelieve nothing. Let us keep ourselves from having missed it by disbelieving. They "sewed terribly" at New York. Let us, even at the breaking a shin over the ocean by—ingation of a barrel of blue vitriol. It is generally understood that the only reason why the Yankees allow us to be first in this late enterprise, was, next to their "hard times" at home, the fear of what we did undertake, at New York, a grand boat, on one plan, which was to use but about one-fifth of the usual quantity of fuel. It was a mistake, no doubt, in a case which was experimental enough at the best; but it shows what the spirit of our, and especially their, generation is.

Let us not, again, be too impatient for anything, and surprised at nothing—" grand pulses" double tubular boilers, 30 guickstart steamboats, or iron ones, or blue vitriol, or " hidden powers," or whatever else it may be—may be in movement, at any rate, is the motto of the age. And we repeat, under these circumstances, and knowing especially how recent emulation and insatiable restlessness of our kinsmen in the west, it is not for us to say to what extent the distance and time which separate us from them may be reduced. We are even there that they must *take the consequences* if they make them. They must consent hereafter to become neighbors, and to feel so. They must give up a portion of their dignified isolation—their solitary, Indian independence—their self enjoyment of the country as it were of the world—their unbounded, unopposed, primitive hospitableness as some would call it—and withal, the luxury of getting even a *fortnight's start on time*, and of being uncertain when even that budget may come. Steam—to say nothing of "electricity of magnetism"—is no respecter of nationalities. It reduces things to an appalling regularity. The British and American States generally, who have just launched at Blackwall a ship thirty-eight feet longer than any her company's ever with accommodations (as they advertise; for 500 passengers, notify us, moreover, that next year they mean to have boats like this running ex settler side the 1st and 16th of every month. This is but one company—one line of ships as yet moved, we believe;—for we understand the Cornes to have been sent out by another, and the *Great Western*, it is well known, belongs to Bristol. Each these, undoubtedly, intend to keep the field, and to meet all competition with spirit. Bristol is said to have already invested a million sterling, and there can be no doubt that the renowned old city of Cabot, though during a little of late years over a sort of aldermanic repletion, yet possesses the means, and we dare say the spirit, to make more than four consecutive sent out merchant-ships of the burthen of 1000 tons. Glasgow, too, will no doubt have to herself. And, above all, we must leave room for Liverpool. the sole marvel is that Liverpool has waited so long—as we only be explained by the extent of the interest there invested in the present steamers. We see that a company is now started at that port, who announce immediately, a steamer of a *post-stock* of a million and a half of dollars, in which, by the way, it was stated the Bristol Company is with a liberal view to the interest of that port. would participate to the extent of about one-sixth.

Then we have noticed a movement at Philadelphia—a sort of Bristol to New York—a quasi, *Pennsylvania*, with the appropriate "City of Brotherly Love" and long purses—but no population other than that of the United States. Our sales have not, as it observed, placed by this new agency on a footing with its domestic rival and its foreign correspondents, extensively different from what it has been heretofore. We mention the case as illustration of our remark on the immediate alterations in existing arrangements or consequences thought of in the first days by the parties concerned, which nevertheless may (undoubtedly be expected to develope themselves, in time, of course. There has been no lack of capital in Philadelphia. Just the reverse. It is, as we insist, quite the American Bristol in this way, as New York is the Liverpool in every other. The English merchant has always preferred like a rendezvous of people living on a capital accommodated in New York—such is our improvement—to the hot bustle and haggard excitement of the latter city, when we enter it after leaving the staid gait and sober-looks of the continent. Neither is Mr. Penn's capital wanting to his own property or emulation and sobriety, ality—as they go about it, and keep at it—like Bristol. The celebrated stairs-rods are the finest system of the sort in the world, and the "Keystone State, whose career is largely contributed this place, has grapped within ten years more extensively in the immense enterprise of internal improvement than any other in the Union.—not excepting even New York—which has a single rival, the largest already except the Chinese, in the world (363 miles, now about to be enlarged at a cost of at least two millions dollars more, together with a railroad from New York city to Lake Erie, more than 400 miles—or Illinois, which at this moment has ten million dollars appropriated to works of internal improvement. What, then, has Bristol Philadelphia in the shade, as regards foreign customers? Why, the fact that our sales are of our exports to the whole United States, come into the port of New York alone "Why should New York as the other hand, have employed to send us so large a part of the cotton grown by the United States?" Why has she accumulated, and held without an effort, almost the whole of the foreign exchanges of the Union?

—having at this moment, we think, four lines at least to Liverpool, one to Havre—comprising to all some forty or fifty of these splendid packets—a sole Bristol steamer, and that just gone from Liverpool, which consists of a vessel in each month! —four, too, and about 120 miles apart —a distance reduced in seven hours by steam. Stone! Ay, there's the rub—New York is a sea-port. Philadelphia has some distance up the curves of a river. And the, under the old regime, has been quite content with that vast diversity of results. A ship which had crossed the ocean in twenty days might often be too more to getting up the river. We know how that state was in the shorter, straighter, and wider stream of the Thames. It, however, would never do for those who had New York merchants and the finest merchants however known on the seas for their rivals; competition was so out of the question that it was never thought of Philadelphia for the first ten years indeed her trade consisted of a few small ships, and a hundred tuns of rail roads and 1000 of canals, by way of diversion. Now all is changed, but we see no movement is announced? We can almost imagine an audible clanking out of the steely points of the Quaker city. What is to prevent a fair competition now? What account is to be made of a curve or two in a river, with steamers 300 feet long, and a speed of fifteen miles an hour, as practical people, bear vessel ten years hence? and indeed the American boats were been running at much more than this rate on the *Hudson* for years. Then will this steam in commerce, like gunpowder in battle, put people upon their terms—like steam itself, we say, introduced thereby many new ones—as every paltry of Perkins's guns, for example, gracefully and out upon either side of a field of corn, had, or along the sides of two lines of your ugly that's great *ever* business, with a burthen of two or three thousand tons.

But we have gone somewhat astray—and yet not so widely neither. We were speaking, however, of the first sensation the achievement has produced—that, which, we resolve to put to duct, will, at some future day, be a matter of no more astonishment than the fact. The New York boats seem scarcely able to contain themselves. Side by side at last with the "Old World," and "Queen" (her first for the Coronation," cry hallo! James more. And then the line of European Journals which come in from Havre—from Bristol—sixteen from London—eighteen from Paris—one from Antwerp—from Hamburgh—from Bombay itself only between sixty and seventy days! A Norfolk (Virginia) editor remarks that they are now as near England as they were the greater part of last winter to Detroit: and a Philadelphia paper, might say much the same as to New Orleans. A revolution the inmost sanctuary of the New York public mind is accomplished age;—a revolution thoroughly overturning the old opinions of the Old World, and world at least—yet effected, as it were, instantaneously, and without the loss of a drop of blood. The Americans have been in the habit of the transports of their exultation over the first thought of the effects of *Steam* in their relation of the thing itself, and of the style in which it was carried through, and we dare say that much otherwise excited to feel their wounded chagrin at appearing to be ever taken by any means in matters of importance. Nay, cherishing, we do believe, the honor of their father-land best in that of their own (for our love often noticed that, although Jonathan gives us a good grumbling, family grow of us between now and then—partly, perhaps, to prove himself our best friend—partly to be convinced of our being *by any body else*,) they quite "forget their son now in their pride." No wonder they have done so, no wonder that a hundred thousand New Yorkers turned out on the 7th of May to behold the departure of the *Great Western*. The perfect voyage homeward, and to cheer the brave tars on the bay as it returned, and, finally, when at the end of a fortnight, she hoisted the British colors in King's Road, the burghers of old Bristol, assembled at length from their Big Van in Wakie cap of hall a century, broke out with firing cannon, ringing bells, and all the other forms and vehement eating of turtle! Here, at length was an "electric spark" in the air, and not merely in number two, at the least. One of the passengers in this ship brought over a splendid bouquet of American flowers, which he was able to present to the lady of Mr. Manager Claxton—it seems, as in spring, 1837, from the garden of the *New Bristol factory* a sign of the times, which we have not heard of, and which appeared in the raw state, in America, on the seventeenth or eighteenth day of the passage. Some one has predicted that, presently, we shall have Covent Garden market stocked from the Antipodes. As to the Red Sea overland ment, there may be something in it, for aught we know, but we certainly have others to run for, if the "Liners" could bring *the Duke* a present of fresh forest venison from his western and Queen's forest, we certainly, as Queen's subjects directs good things yet to come. We say nothing, however, even of Bristol, but that we are in expectation to our State and prevent the emigration which has been going on from Bristol to Liverpool, and which, she is about to harbor science, and, if the system is carried out, will render some further emigration unnecessary. Bristol, again, "a few months import knowledge and experience, and will be ready to compete with Liverpool for the trade." Of this we will not be taken from the Post office to see the prestige in pool.

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SILK CULTURE.

Much attention is given to the culture of the Silk Worm in every section of the State. In Monmouth county, it would appear by the last Inquirer, that the people generally are about to engage in it. A letter from that place says that the discovery of Mr. D. V. M. Lean, and it is made.

During the last ten days, our village has been almost daily visited by persons from all parts of Wrightstown, and the present prospect is that more than $15,000 have been realized in the sale of Trees in this place. The price of Trees, we are informed, has been from $10 to $15 per thousand, daily advancing, and the present prospect is that in one month more, the sales will be at least $30,000, on which a profit of perhaps $15,000, has been realized. Three young ladies, sisters, in the same township, have sold to the Rev. Mr. Lean, who has manufactured within their neighborhood from the cocoons which they have raised. Their sales have been made from $1,500, affording to the growers, a handsome profit for their labor.

The raising of the mulberry has proved a profitable business every where, such is the general desire of fortune, that has been given to the culture of the silk business. In the town of Bunting, Long Island, where one of the finest specimens of their famous gardens, have cultivated large mulberries, which they have sold in a single season $30,000, on which a profit of perhaps $15,000, has been realized. Three young ladies, sisters, in the same township, have sold to the Rev. Mr. Lean, who has manufactured within their neighborhood from the cocoons which they have raised. Their sales have been made from $1,500, affording to the growers, a handsome profit for their labor.

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From the Northampton Courier.

SUCCESS OF THE MULBERRY PATCH—NO FICTION.

Some time since, an article headed "the Mulberry Patch," was published in the Courier and copied into several agricultural papers, advising the planting of mulberry trees in the form of a hedge, for the convenience of the cultivation of the Mulberry, and now, on the authority of the writer of the article referred to, the experimentation of the advice being adopted, by a young farmer in the county of Hampshire, who, in the spring of the present year planted three quarters of an acre with mulberry, which he valued at parties from readers of the Courier, who have sold the crop for *Six Thousand Dollars!*

When will individuals be convinced that the silk business is something more than moonshine? It has been demonstrated, and frequently published, that the profits of the silk trade are among the most lucrative employment for the culture, and we have no doubt that the same can be made at two dollars the pound,—that an acre of land set with mulberries, will in the first year yield in silk a clear profit of from 100 to 150 dollars, and even more in after years. Only believed this report, and they have the year reaped their reward in sale of trees—and ought to have done so long since. Then the silk and cherry will even advantagously endure repeated defoliation during the season.

It has often been asserted by the incredulous, that the silk business will never be in a state that the market will be supplied and over-stocked, at a short time. *Be not discouraged*—the end will occur while the trees grow more rous.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

QUEEN ANNE'S SILK COMPANY.

Mr. Editor—I have seen several notices of the Queen Anne's County Silk Company published in the newspapers, which have not been strictly accurate. If you think the following statement will be interesting to your readers, and will subserve the great interests of the State, you are at liberty to publish it.

The Company was formed sometime in the winter of 1835-6, and in the spring of 1836, a farm was purchased for two thousand dollars, and immediately planted with Mulberry trees, without the latural branches, were bought for between five and fifty dollars, and two thousand cuttings were obtained for one hundred and twenty dollars. The cuttings failed to produce as many trees as was expected, and we were obliged to their having been too long out of the ground. Another lot was procured in the spring of 1837, however, the Company sold more than four hundred trees. The Company have now on hand the whole expenditure and planted out a large quantity of cuttings. In 1836 there were trees sold over 12 thousand dollars, and in 1837 about nine thousand dollars besides reserving for themselves seven thousand trees, and also a large quantity of cuttings. The Company will be able to sell this year and next spring from 30 to 40,000 trees. The stock of the Company at present consists of one hundred shares of fifty dollars per share, with the privilege to increase the capital to 50,000 dollars. Twenty-five hundred dollars have been paid in. The Cocoonery is large and a cocoonery one hundred feet by thirty, have been built, and the first of the fields has been covered over with excellent shell marl, and a second field is now being prepared to receive the present summer.—After paying all the expenses of the establishment, from 5 to 6,000 dollars will be left in the hands to their stockholders. The Company were offered yesterday $9,500 for their stock, but they will not sell, and have refused. A gentleman sometime ago sold ten acres of land for $1,000, and has since refused fifty dollars for fifteen hundred dollars. Another sold 6 shares upon which he had paid twenty-five dollars per share, for seventeen and a half dollars per share. Another gentleman advertised 13 shares, which he had paid $50 per share three hundred dollars, and the next day was offered two hundred dollars for them. He replied, and asked upward of 300 dollars per share. A member of the Company purchased in the spring of 1836 twenty-one hundred of about seventeen dollars for his own use, and sold trees during the season to the amount of about four hundred dollars. The great demand for trees has prevented the Company from selling many worms, but the members of the body politic are satisfied that there is nothing in the silk business, and have no hesitation in making the sale as soon as they shall have a sufficiency of trees to go spiritedly into the business.

The Company possess a great many experiments that the soil and climate of Maryland are peculiarly favorable to the culture. Mr. Mullberry and for the rearing of silk worms, indeed Mr. Leager pronounces the climate of the United States may enter into the silk culture with the fullest confidence of success.—The silk worms, we learn, are healthy, and have no disposition to rot. State and prevent the emigration which has been going on from Bristol to Liverpool, and which, we shall have been pointed to yield a greater profit with less trouble and expense than the Liverpool line established in 1837, again, "a few months import knowledge and experience, and will be ready to compete with Liverpool for the trade." Of this we will not be taken from the Post office to see the prestige in pool.

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Saturday Evening Post.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1838.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum, payable half yearly—or $2.50 in advance if so desired.

No ADVERTISING.—For half square 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent one—for a square, three dollars for the first insertion and 75 cents for each subsequent—$20 a year for a square—with ten per cent off for advertising by the year.

All letters to the Editor must be post paid, or they will not be received from the Post Office.

The word "free" if used is not a frank.

Agents will please to remember that the Editor is to receive or remit.

Bills on Banks will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

LATEST FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer, 31st inst.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

London, August 11.—The Lords and Commons only met *pro forma*, to forward certain bills one step further. The House of Commons

August 13.—House of Lords.—Lord Brougham has passed the third reading of the Canada indemnity bill, which was seconded by the Duke of Wellington.

Lord Denman said it would be against common justice to pass the bill. Yet he must confess that he thought it would be impossible to frame an ordinance. He acquitted Lord Durham of having corrupted others in the exercise of his power, however, the exercises of the government should be continued, and he hoped when the house should meet again he should be in a position to present them a more favorable report.

Mr. B. Inglis thanked the noble lord for the attention he had paid to the subject, and trusted it would be generally understood that the British parliament and British people would not suffer the Canadians to be sacrificed.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

August 16. House of Lords.—This being the day appointed for the prorogation of Parliament by Her Majesty in person, considerable anxiety was manifested to witness the ceremony, especially as regards the interior of the House of Lords.

At the appointed hour of twelve, the doors were thrown open to those who had obtained tickets from the Lord Chamberlain, and in a short time and in a short time the strangers' gallery was completely filled with the presence of ladies, elegantly attired in morning dresses.

Not more than a dozen members of parliament occupied the benches, the upper bench being occupied by ladies stationed in the same manner as in the strangers' gallery.

Their royal highnesses the Duke of Cambridge and Duke of Sussex were present, and took their half past one.

The Prince and Princess Hohenlos arrived about the same time. The princess had a seat provided for her fronting the throne, near the woolsack.

There was by no means a full attendance of peers.

ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN.

At twenty minutes past one o'clock the usual announced her Majesty's arrival at the entrance of the house, and the sound of the flourish of trumpets told the peers that the Queen was then approaching.

The queen being robed in the inner library, which is used on these occasions for that purpose, the trumpets announced to the duke of Wellington that the queen was about entering the house, and the heralds immediately passed in front of the lord high steward and other officers of the household. The lord chancellor preceded her Majesty, as well as the lord marshall, and at the same time the lord great chamberlain, &c. Her Majesty's train was borne by the duke of Rutland, the duke of Melbourne stood on her Majesty's left, bearing the sword of state, and the duke of Devonshire the cap of maintenance.

The Queen having taken her seat on the throne, desired their lordships to be seated, an intimation immediately obeyed.

Sir Augustus d'Este, the gentleman usher of the black rod, was then directed to summon the commons.

Shortly afterward the speaker, with a large body of members, appeared at the bar, accompanied by Sir Augustus Clifford.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

The Lord Chancellor, kneeling on his right knee, then presented to her Majesty a manuscript, which she read.

Her Majesty in her usual distinct and emphatic manner pronounced the following speech:—

"My lords and gentlemen.

"The state of public business enables me to close this protracted and laborious session.

"I have to lament that the civil war in Spain forms an exception to the general tranquility. I continue to receive from all powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition, and with the most amicable relations.

"The treaty of commerce which had unfortunately broken out in Upper and Lower Canada have been promptly suppressed, and I entertain a confident hope that the judicious measures will empower you to restore to that province the constitutional form of which happy events have compelled you for a time to deprive it.

"I rejoice at the progress which has been made in my colonial possessions, toward the enjoyment of the blessings of civilization.

"I have observed with much satisfaction the attention which you have given to the subject of amendment of the domestic institutions of the country. The laws for the protection of life and of improvement for debt will prove at once favorable to the security of my subjects, and safe guards against fraud. The alterations introduced in church will derive increased strength and efficiency from the attention given to the interests and benefices of plurality.

"I have felt great pleasure in giving my assent to the bill for the relief of the destitute poor of Ireland. I cherish the confident hope that the measures have been so cautiously framed, and will be so prudently executed, as to afford relief, and tribute to relieve distress, but to prevent abuse and to encourage habits of industry and economy.

"I trust likewise that the act which you have passed relating to the compulsory labor in Ireland will increase the security of that province, and of the United Empire.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I cannot sufficiently thank you for your despatch and liberality in providing for the expenses of my household, and the maintenance of the honor and dignity of the crown.

"I offer you my warmest acknowledgments for the distinguished zeal which you have for some of my beloved mother.

"I thank you for the supplies which you have voted for the ordinary public service, as well as for the readiness with which you have provided means to meet the extraordinary charge.

"My lords and gentlemen,

"The many important questions which you have been able to consider, while the settlement of the civil list, and the state of Canada demanded your attention, will, I trust, be a source of great proud of your zeal for the public good. You are in well acquainted with the state of every part of the province of the Algerines in agitation. Reduced as it is unnecessary to the land of Canada, was attacked on the 26th of July near Portella with a sanguinary conflict, in which the chief rebels were routed and their chief was taken prisoner. His capitor announces in his despatch that he has sent Bonfini, the rebel leader to the south.

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ENORMOUS LOSS.

The Worcester Spy contains a statistical article, proving that in the brief space from 1830 to 1837 inclusive time, the State of Massachusetts alone has been compelled to pay a direct tax of six hundred and forty-three thousand dollars on the single article of wool. Yet her proportion to the whole tribute that paid for the year 1837 was only about one fifth. In a year when compared with the tax levied on the country.

But this is only a part of the loss on this single state. In Massachusetts, there were 125,000 sheep in 1830, producing 11,314,426 yards of cloth, of the value of $10,303,937, and using a capital of $2,000,000. During the last year, the progress of the experiments, their operations have been almost entirely suspended, and the great amount of property in lands, structures and machinery rendered unmarketable. The loss of income to the proprietors alone, is taken into the estimate at the low rate of six per cent. on the capital, $120,000 annually. Add to this bill—the Commons adhering to their rejection the lords' amendments, and the lords insisting.

House of Commons. Col. Sibthorp asked if it were true that the Queen of Portugal had been advised to Canada, the request of Lord Durham.

Lord John Russell said that the bill creating of the Canada indemnity bill. Mr. Leader made a speech in explanation, in consequence of a misrepresentation of his conduct which appeared in the papers.

Mr. Washington declared that he should vote against the bill. He was not satisfied that there was sufficient ground for the bill. He was sorry, but he was satisfied that the course pursued by Lord Durham was highly expedient and proper, even if not strictly legal.

The debate was continued at some length, and finally the bill was read a third time and passed.

The registration of electors bill, with the amendments mounted on by the lords, was received.

A motion was before the Common Council of London, August 13th, that petitions be presented to both houses of Parliament, for immediate measures to allow the sale, free of duty, of foreign corn then in bond in Great Britain.

The motion was negatived.

The claim of the parish of St. Martin against the Queen Dowager, for the rate upon Marlborough House, has been compromised, the Queen paying the money and the parish accepting it, but without *entering* her Majesty as a rate-payer as the parish books.

There was a pretty riot at Leeds on the 6th of August, growing out of a meeting of the people touching guardians and parish overseers. The building in which they met was surrounded by a large crowd, who broke open the doors, got into the house, and mauled several of them very severely. The military were called in to protect them.

The price of bread has advanced in London to 10½ pence the quarters loaf.

The first issue of shillings, bearing the impress of the young Queen, has taken place.

The following letter is published in the Liverpool Courier, of August 16

Admiralty, 14th August, 1838.

Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 31st of last month and the 3d instant, I am commanded by my lords commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you that the Portuguese government having forwarded orders to the commander of the blockading squadron to allow the shipment of specie from Mexico on account of foreign merchants, and to grant a passport in favor of their respective governments, her majesty's packets have received orders to ship treasure for private individuals to the full extent of their means.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

C. WOOD.

To William Watson, Esq.,

Chairman of the Mexican and South American Association, Liverpool.

A letter from Constantinople, in the Morning Herald, dated the 13th July, gives the important intelligence that the Shah of Persia has returned to the Court of Persia, had broken off all communication with Russia, as well as with the envoy to Constantinople, there to await further instructions. This step was occasioned by the advancy of the Shah in keeping up the war upon Herat, which was believed to be the effect of Russian intrigue.

A Dublin paper announces that a copper mine has been discovered in the county of Wicklow. Mr. O'Connell's estate at Derrynane.

Since the Mediterranean arrivals at Long's Hotel, August 16th, we notice the names of John Van Buren, Esq., and Arthur Clarke, from the United States of America.

Mr. O'Connell reached Dublin on the 14th of August, and announced a call for a great public meeting, to be held the next day. At this meeting he made a speech of great length and power, declaring the necessity of more "agitation"—and moved a resolution to that effect. Upon, after one more trial for justice in Ireland—and concluding by moving an adjournment to the 18th, in order to give time for the people to form a new association, to obtain justice or repeal.

FRANCE.

The Paris papers of August 13, contain an account of the arrival of a vast part by the King to the new department of the Pyrenees, the trumpets announcing to the duet was about entering the house, and the heralds immediately passed in front of the lord high steward and other officers of the household. The lord chancellor preceded her Majesty, as well as the lord marshall, and at the same time the lord great chamberlain, &c. Her Majesty's train was borne by the duke of Rutland, the duke of Melbourne stood on her Majesty's left, bearing the sword of state, and the duke of Devonshire the cap of maintenance.

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LITERARY OMNIBUS.

The Schuylkill Coal shipments, for the season up to Thursday last, amounted to 202,665 tons, in 1838.

Great Cuff.—The Claremont (N. H.) Eagle says there is a calf in that town only a year old, which weighs 250 pounds!

No less than eighty-six passengers are already enrolled for the Great Western on her next return to Bristol.

The Mobile Examiner of the 17th inst. states that no new cases of yellow fever had occurred in that city.

Counterfeit Sovereigns.—A blacksmith named Thomas Price, was on Tuesday arraigned in New York, for passing counterfeit sovereigns.

The report of the Board of Health for the week ending on the 25th, gives 39 deaths in all; 76 whites and 16 colored, 60 of which were of Stranger's Fever.—*Charleston paper.*

The Governor of New Jersey has issued his proclamation, offering a reward of three hundred dollars for the apprehension and securing of the person that committed an outrage on the house of Patrick Lord, in the borough of Hoboken, on the 20th of August.

The Democratic Convention of Yatterville and Danville Rail Road, in which antirancite coal is used, is said to work admirably.

The Democratic Convention in New York begin to rise up—the blocks in some places, says the Courier, are so large that they have to be taken to cart or carriage passes over them in a very rainy day, like frogs on a mud puddle.

Mobile Register.—Gen. Gaines has left to represent Louis county, Florida, in the Convention to frame a State Constitution for that Territory.

Typographical Error.—An editor in Maine having written an article about "unchanged democrats," found next morning that it read "unchanged democrats. Some of the readers of the paper must have been disappointed.

Business.—The orders for goods, at Lowell, are said to be so numerous that it will take the whole winter to fill them, if the mills run night and head, to answer them.

Fatal Accident.—Joseph, aged 117 years, lately died at Mesnes, U. K. Mr. Campbell was one of the first settlers of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, but had resided in Canada for the last seventeen years.

It is said that Mr. Justice Bloodgood, of New York, is dead. We hope not.

The New York papers of yesterday announce the death of Mr. Joseph Bonaparte, at Bordentown, and consequent cessation of that name.

The Pottawatomie Indians.—The Logansport (Ia.) Telegraph, of September 1st, says, that the Pottawatomie Indians are encamped in that county, to emigrate west of the Mississippi. They number about 1,000.

About 3800 barrels of flour are going on board the packet ship Sheridan for Liverpool, chiefly, we understand, on account of speculation.

Accounts from Rome stated that the Cardinal Fesch, uncle of Napoleon, was at the point of death.

Emancipation.—It is stated in the New York Transcript, that some two years since, a young colored female ran away from her master, in the district of Columbia, and came to New York, where she soon got married, and has since been living as a free lady. A few days since, her master on hither, found her, and had her arrested and taken before a Judge, who sent her back home in the south. Mr. Robert Dyson a merchant of New York, who had witnessed the case, worked a long time, on hearing of her arrest, went to her master and agreeing with him for the sum of $500 for the woman's freedom, she was liberated and discharged from imprisonment and slavery.

Power of Conscience.—When Smith the harbor-keeper, and accomplice of Mrs. Phelps, in the murder of Mr. Adams, in Boston, in 1830, unexpectedly surrendered himself to the police, he confessed that he had been driven to this step by the terrors of a guilty conscience. Ever since the night of the murder, he said, the ghost of the murdered man has been by my side—wherever I go the spectre haunts me, and not one moment of peace has he enjoyed since the fatal midnight separation—sooner than suffer as I have suffered for the last year, I will die on the gallows rather face the gallows than be tormented by the ghost of the murdered man. Such, it is said, are told, was the substance of his statement.

Health of Charleston.—The Charleston Board of Health report the deaths of sixty-five persons in that city during the week ending 8th inst.—of which forty-one of the disease, and twenty-four of the whites by Stranger's Fever.

A girl, living at Blythe, near Southampton, England, has a remarkable growth of hair, and is kept closely cropped in consequence, to prevent her from being in the way. Some months since she was engaged in a theatre, and was to appear on the stage, and alone without attendant came on to the stage, and commenced singing such a passage was in town, called on her and requested her to accompany her to the house of a friend, which she accordingly did. Here she was introduced to a gentleman in front of a piano, and one of the servants of the house, and the latter, presuming made a present to the girl of a splendid head of hair, which was cut off with a pair of scissors.

Fatal Rencontre.—A few days since a meeting took place between Messrs. J. T. Bowne and Wm. Wilson, in Jersey City, in which the latter was shot through the heart. An unhappy difference.

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THE OLIO

Victoria's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its Savour.

POETICAL PUNNING.

The following, from the Southern Literary Messenger, is as exceedingly neat and pretty little bit of punning.

MR. MAURY AND MISS MARY.

Mr. Maury and Miss Mary
Of grave talk grown weary,
Essay'd to cook their courage,
In the pleasant sport of pasture.
Said the former to the latter,
'Tis he,' from me to flatter,
But certainly 'tis true,
That if 'twere not for U
Most gladly I'd be Mary."
The ready witted fairy,
Prompt not to be outdone
In compliment or pun,
Replied, "If I had U
I would be Maury too."

EPITAPH.

In a country church yard, near Oxford.

Here lie Father, Mother and I,
And three sisters dear,
They were buried at *Headington*,
But I was buried here!

On the *Marriage of Mr. Willing to Miss Merry.*

Most ladies are willing to be married,
To enjoy a life of ceasing and of billing:
But here the bride, Mr' *Merry*, alone has tarried.
To take the bridegroom's cause she was not *Willing*.

If a man deceives thee trust him not again.—If he insults thee, go away from him, and if he strike thee thrash him like smoke.

"I do not approve of shades in painting," said Queen Elizabeth to Daniel Mytens, "you must strike off my likeness without shadows." N. B. —Her Majesty, when she sat for this picture was sixty, and the "shadows" as she humorously called them, were wrinkles big enough to have rolled Dutch cheses in.

An Irish woman called on an apothecary with an infant that was unwell, to beg something for it. The apothecary gave her some powders, of which he ordered as much as would lie on a sixpence to be given every second hour. "Arrah woman said, "Perhaps your honor will lend me a sixpence the while, as I have'nt got one at all."

A stranger having entered the apartment, where the emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said, "I want to see your great emperor—what are you to him?" "The emperor replied" *I shave him.*"

SLIGHT DIFFERENCE IN NEWSPAPERS.—An Alderman of a certain metropolitan city came some time since, very hastily into one of the evening rooms there, for the purpose of consulting the Courier upon some matter of great importance to him: when not being able immediately to find the paper he wanted, he accosted a Scotchman gentleman who chanced to be there, and reading the Sun, with "*Pray, Sir is that the Courier you have there?*" "*No. Sir,*" replied the other, offering him the paper, "*but it is the Tanner,—now I think and you as well!*"

ANECDOTE OF A SIMPLE ENGLISH BOY AT BRIGHTON.—The young Queen generally rides out daily, in spite of wind or weather. On her return to the Pavilion one day last week, among the usual concourse of persons assembled to see her return, was a young chimney sweep, who, perceiving her to be drenched with rain, loudly exclaimed—"Ah! Miss, does you like it? I wish you have been out in such weather." The exclamation threw the youthful Sovereign into a fit of laughter.

THE ADVANCE OF TIME.—" Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look!"—" Indeed so Bob; for the fact is, I never was so old in all my life."

DR. BUSBY, whose figure is beneath the middle size, was one day accosted, in a public room, by an Irish baronet of colossal stature, with "May I pass to my seat, O pas!" when the doctor made way, and replied, "Pass, O pigmy." "Oh! sir," said the baronet, "I was only alluded to the size of your intellect." "And my expression," said the doctor, "to the size of yours."

OARS FOR THE PARLOR.—If you hang an acorn by a string about half an inch above the surface of some water contained in a tumbler or glass, it will throw down long white roots, while its stem will grow upward and become decorated with bright green and delicate leaves. When it grows over the top of the hyacinth glass, it presents a very pretty object.

SAM WELLERISMS.—"You don't mean nothin' friendly, you don't, as the rat said to the cat ven she bit him in the back."

"I'll penetrate his heart if he has one, as the mouse said ven she nibbled his way through the cheese."

"Ve are all here, and quite ready for you, as the mice said to the old woman ven she had just got back to her own bed, after sleeping out for a week."

"Yes I vants you, I knows vhere to find you, as the cheese said to the fly ven he vore his veb all round him to pervent his catching cold."

"I don't vant too many in the room," as the voice at the door said ven they got into the empty sugar cask.

CORN QUESTIONING.—A late eminent dentist, residing on Washington street, was the last week antipathy to all *aqueous* particles but "strong water." suspecting his milk merchant of fraudulently diluting his milk, interrogated sternly one morning the boy who delivered it. "Is the little rascal, what did you put dirty water into the milk for?"—Scorning the foul imputation, the lad instantly replied "I did'nt, sir, I saw farther take it CLEAN from the brook"

THE CLERGY, ACTORS AND LAWYERS.—When Garrick was, on one occasion, asked by a clergyman how it happened that an audience at a theatre was so often melted into tears by the representation on the stage of mere fictitious fiction, while the ministers of the Gospel preached, week after Sabbath, truths of unquestionable reality and of eternal importance, without producing the slightest impression on their hearers?—"We actors portray fiction as if it were truth, and you clergymen preach truth as if it were fiction." The late often thought that if our clergy exhibited as much zeal and energy in ascending the eternal truths of the gospel, as counsels at the bar do in behalf of their clients, their ministrations would be productive of much happier results than it usually is. The fiction of law and the sophistries to which counsels must have recourse are worked up so skilfully, and are uttered with so much animation and energy of manner, that they have as in the case of stage representation, all the appearance, and often imposition in the hands of strangers all the effect of actual truth.—*The Bench and the Bar, by the Author of "Random Recollections."*

THE WIFE OF TALLEYRAND.—It is said that in order to be life connected any superstition, save marrying Madame Grandt: but even that step was a part of his policy: for the Directory having resolved that his court should be model of all propriety and decorum, left him no option. After all, Madame Talleyrand is not Madame Talleu and other ladies, was forbidden the ministerial court. The intimate friend of Madame Beauharnais was not worthy a reception from Madame Bonaparte. Her reputation was doubtful, and her past also takes bribes from some Genoese merchants, who hoped to obtain commercial advantages through the husband's influence. The pride of Talleyrand was moved by this exclusion, though he took constant pains more himself in ridiculing and cursing his wife, to very beautiful, but a very silly woman. When once asked what attraction he found in the conversation of so silly a woman as Madame Grandt: he replied—"All that would have me to say." It is a recreation for me." It was a relief from the brilliancy of De Staël, and other superlatives clever ladies. One day, in sailing about on the lake in a small boat, with a few friends, Madame Staël asked him which of the two he would save, if she and Madame Grandt fell into the river. Success for once, and ever flattering, he replied—" Ah, Madame, you can swim." Madame Grandt was one day to preside at a dinner which Talleyrand, whose luxurious table gained the appellation of Carême had to give to Louis Dence, after the return of that savant was to give Dence, after the return of that savant from Egypt. He generously laid the lady that the expected guest was a very amiable man and an author, and that authors, being fond of hearing their works quoted, he would send her the adventures M. Dence. He sent her those of Robinson Crusoe. After the guests were seated at table, the lady began—" Ah, sir, I cannot express to you the pleasure I have had in reading your adventures."—" Madame, you are too good."—" Not at all, I can assure you. Dear me, how horribly dull it must have been for you, all alone on a desert island! I was exceedingly interested in it; but what a droll figure you must have cut in your cage-low! cage."—" Really Madame, I do not understand."—" Ah, pas; I let for all your troubles after the shipwreck, when you may rest have been the day you found Friday!"

REMARKABLE FACT.

The sea birds, the puffin, guillemot and the razor bill cannot fly over land at all, although they can rise from the surface of the sea with perfect facility, steadily, and indeed, rapidly, and fly with amazing rapidity so long as the sea is immediately beneath them, but as soon as they fly above dry ground than they drop as if shot. During a strong wind from the sea it not unfrequently happens that these birds are carried inland higher than the edge of the cliff, are suddenly by blown a few yards over it, when they immediately fall and can regain their native element only by crawling to the edge of the precipice, when new vigor seems to inspire them and they at once soar away with their usual velocity. Now the difficulty seems to be, not to find a reason, from the same cause as that which prevents the layering puffin from flying, but rather the cause the wings of these sea birds are set at all longer than the usual proportion, and they can not fly with ground beneath them, even when driven from the top of a high building. These are the facts as I have found them, and I think an interesting point deserved. How happens it that the above mentioned birds are able to strike from the smooth surface of the sea ascend to any point of elevation and fly with the greatest velocity so long as the sea is immediately beneath them, and that as soon as they get perpendicularly above land they immediately fall and cease not by mere any circumstances, however favorable, unless they have water beneath them?—Carver, Bolton, and most writers of that class, describe these birds, but none of them appear to have been aware of this remarkable peculiarity, which appears to be exclusively confined to the above named birds.

TURKISH SLAVE-MARKET AND HAREM.

The slave market at Stamboul consists of a long quadrangular court, two stories high, surrounded by a portico, with a gallery above. Each story contains a range of small cells, somewhat like the vaults in the ground floor of a cathedral, appropriated to the copper colored daughters of Abyssinia and Circassia; while those above being somewhat more elegant and airy, are reserved for the fairer beauties from Georgia, Mingrelia, Greece, &c. These unfortunates, for the most part pale and emaciated, were penched like animals, six or seven together, in the thermometer at the same time ranging at ninety degrees of heat. The only property these ganddy attired for the purpose of heightening their charms, and making them appear strikingly beautiful. Several of the black women, particularly Abyssinians were remarkably ugly, the symetry of their forms and features. But how disgusting was it to behold every barbarous fellow who was disposed to be a purchaser, feel the male perfections, or the licentious libertine, examine the teeth of the young female slave, as the most wretches exposed for sale like herds of cattle. Yet, strange to say, custom renders even sense and degradation can equal this, and however consonant the practice may be to oriental manners, and those of other slave countries, it excited in me feelings of the strongest repugnance, which I unsuccessfully exerted to quell my curiosity. Indeed, I would from my soul rejoice to see the man who thinks it highly of human nature, never to cross the threshold of a slave bazaar.

So strong is the force of early habits of thinking, that these unfortunate beings seem indifferent to their lot, and the fair haughtest, and, in their played together, with the greatest cheerfulness, and even gayety, as far as I could judge from appearance is truly false; for, of all that I beheld, there was not one class that I could discern that exhibited the appearance of being really dejected, the majority did not even seem endowed with the faintest ray of sensibility of face, and could not have arrived at the age of eighteen. A few beautiful women consoled during my visit, when the little victim took up her tiny packet, covered her face with her veil, and followed her new lord, apparently without a murmur.

The price, like that of every commodity, is in the ratio of the demand and supply. The Circassian and Georgians were the most valued: the Abyssinian's esteemed according to their beauty The two former being very difficult to procure. Many of the latter are annually brought over by Russia on the Circassian coast of the Black Sea, where they are sold for about three hundred pounds; a well made and healthy Abyssinian might be purchased for about thirty, while the most beautiful women of the Georgian and Circassian race, from one to fifteen.

Fathers in Germany, with a houseful of girls, complain bitterly of the blockade, which prevents the sale of a principal article of their merchandise, and the unbought beauties pine for the paradise of the harem

Strange to say, in the convent I saw at Stramboul, which exhibited the most complete picture of oriental life, there was not a single slave. This gentleman, whose name, through courtesy, I suppress, was not, in spite of our character for exceentricities, an Englishman. He has entirely adopted Turkish manners, even to public appearance, although in private he hopes no secret will know that in these observances there is nothing degrading, and he takes no more scrupple in expressing his opinions totally at variance with those of the Turks, than he does when wealth enables him to live in great splendor, and of the Apostles Paul and Barnabas, frequently gives superb entertainments; but since the attempt of the traveller, Pouqueville, to rob him of one of his fair flock, he has become shy of the society of Franks in general, and now seldom visits the Europeans who reside at Pera.

The first time I was introduced to his harem, I was received by receiving reception saloon. Indeed, as the weather was extremely warm, reclining on a divan, attended by four women, who were vieing with each other in endeavoring to win his approbation. One was performing his pipe with odor of roses, another fanning him with the flies, and a third with her soft hands shampooing his feet; here a beautiful Circassian was performing on a sort of lute; there another Georgian was combing out the long auburn tresses of the dance; while several sat embroidering at a distance; and lastly, a bold looking negress who by her confident airs and great fecundity, seemed conscious of being a favorite, exhibited her skill in various forms as reclined on a Russian carpet, and enjoyed, apparently, the ease and luxury of the moment.

The most aromatic perfumes were burning in the apartments; and the murmuring of the water from a marble fountain in the centre, was the once calculated to cool and refresh the air, but the indolence that would supply the means. Several of the black women, particularly Abyssinians were remarkably ugly, the symetry of their forms and features. But how disgusting was it to behold every barbarous fellow who was disposed to be a purchaser, feel the male perfections, or the licentious libertine, examine the teeth of the young female slave, as the most wretches exposed for sale like herds of cattle. Yet, strange to say, custom renders even sense and degradation can equal this, and however consonant the practice may be to oriental manners, and those of other slave countries, it excited in me feelings of the strongest repugnance, which I unsuccessfully exerted to quell my curiosity. Indeed, I would from my soul rejoice to see the man who thinks highly of human nature, never to cross the threshold of a slave bazaar.

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